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DEADLY PARALLEL

If Syngman Rhee has his way, the main army of General MacArthur will at once march over the 38th Parallel and occupy the whole of Korea. In his latest press interview he demands, as a "barrier against aggression", an army of 100,000, with twice as many men in reserve. Thus protected, he looks forward to very satisfactory elections in which even the people of North Korea would show that they are not yet decisively indoctrinated with Communism. As Premier of the whole of Korea, he would then be able to rebuild the shattered country in a really big way with the aid of the United States.

How far the Premier of South Korea was here quoting General MacArthur we cannot say. But all the world has noticed the elaborate and unnecessary ceremony with which the General reinstated Syngman Rhee at Seoul, and all the world remembers the effort necessary to prevent General MacArthur from pledging American aid to Chiang Kai-shek in a renewed war against China. Syngman Rhee was not the actual aggressor in Korea, but that was only because his own boastful threats of aggression were countermanded by America and anticipated by North Korea. His economic and military programme is similar to that of Chiang Kai-shek, and it was no doubt the threat of Rhee's reinstatement in Korea that moved Chou En-lai, the Chinese Foreign Minister to say that China "will not stand aside should the imperialists wantonly invade the territory of its neighbour." It is indeed obvious that to maintain a large foreign army in Northern Korea with the duty of supporting an American puppet State would make inevitable a future of guerilla warfare which would certainly have the backing of China. Nor could the Soviet Union itself be expected to view it with indifference, since Vladivostock would lie within a hundred miles of the occupying army. One can think of few surer ways of keeping the world on the edge of war. No wonder that Pandit Nehru declares that the new crisis confronting the United Nations involves the danger of the Korean war spreading to the rest of the world. No wonder that he remarked that he did not think much of Syngman Rhee and urged that U.N. Forces should not cross the 38th Parallel "until all other means of settlement had been explored".

The speed and the decisive character of General MacArthur's victory have caught everyone at Lake Success unprepared. The more sane and peaceful nations are also now involved in a dilemma, both horns of which are General MacArthur. It is not the first time in history that those who have to make peace are embarrassed by the prestige of the brilliant general who has won the military victory. It is hard to dispense with the services of a victorious commander, and equally hard to prevent him throwing away the fruits of victory by political intransigeance. In the case of General MacArthur the United Nations must face the fact that to end the war in a perpetuated Syngman Rhee regime would merely start preparations for another war - the cruellest mockery of every G.I. and British soldier who died in Korea. Not only Pandit Nehru, but also eight Powers led by Britain are outspokenly opposed to this dangerous folly.

The first assumptions on which we may begin to approach a settlement are that the Koreans, both North and South, want national unity and independence; that landlordism cannot be restored; that the future of Korea must be decided by the Koreans themselves; and that in an interim period the restoration of order and the preliminaries of a settlement should as far as possible be entrusted to Asians rather than to representatives of "Western imperialism." Mr. Vyshinsky's proposal that a "cease-fire" should immediately be followed by the withdrawal of U.N. forces is propaganda; but his programme for all-Korean elections under U.N. "observation" and U.N. economic aid does not seem irreconcilable with the suggestions put forward by the eight Powers. Certainly, as soon as the danger of renewed hostilities by North Korean forces is at an end, the occupying army should be reduced to a police force, manned as far as possible by Asians, and new arrangements should be made for the election of a new Government throughout the whole of Korea.

Once these principles are understood and proclaimed, the problem of the 38th - or, as Americans now call it, the "deadly" Parallel - appears soluble. If the danger of a MacArthur-Syngman Rhee regime is removed; if pledges are given against reprisals; if both Korean armies are to be disbanded, and effective measures are taken to ensure an amnesty for North Koreans who lay down their arms; if, finally, Korean peasants are assured that the land recently given them will not be taken from them - then there would seem to be good hope that North Korea would not think it worth while to continue a hopeless military struggle and that a large-scale invasion of territory North of the Parallel would be unnecessary.

There is one final and most important factor. It is

now agreed that for China to be represented by the Kuomintang rump is ludicrous. The admission of the New China to the U.N. discussions on Formosa is a significant stage towards full recognition. The chief barrier now remaining is the imminence of the American elections next month. We suggest that if President Truman, now supported by the sanity and experience of General Marshall, cannot move the whole way towards recognising China now, he could, without serious electoral risk, let it be known that America would not veto a proposal to include representatives of the Chinese People's Republic on the Civil Commission which the eight Uno Powers propose for Korea. If that were done, Communist China might be expected to cease talking in terms of antagonism towards the United Nations, of which she is shortly to become a member; a notable step would have been taken towards making Uno a reality; and the danger of world war would recede.

AT MARGATE

The Labour Party Conference has its own opening ritual, the Mayor's greeting, the Chairman's address and then, the submission to the delegates page by page of the Executive's Report. To the spectator in the gallery the first morning must seem a waste of time; but the trained palate can usually savour from these trivial proceedings whether or not this is going to be a vintage conference. Last Monday, for my palate at least, the taste was definitely vin ordinaire.

Sam Watson, the tough Durham miner who smashed the Communists in his union and turned poor Arthur Horner into a lackey of Social Democracy, is a remarkable man who can think as well as act. His Chairman's address is a document worth reading if only because it states the reasons why the Labour Party can never go back to Keir Hardie's philosophy of war. But he failed to get his message across. As a Chairman he is crisp and fair, but he is not able, as Jim Griffiths was last year, to lift the Conference out of its inevitable dumps. On the Executive's report, the floor also made a stodgy start. Last time we were here at Margate (in 1948) Zilliacus hung himself round the mike within the first hour in order to deliver a couple of bursts of light machine gun fire at Ernest Bevin; and the Conference felt "this is it". This year two speeches were made on Korea while Conference chatted. There is no other organised opposition to the platform and so no tension of debate.

Partly, of course, this reflects a little-noticed change inside the Government. The Prime Minister has become something much more important than the Chairman of a difficult cabinet, wielding the balance of power between jostling personalities greater than his own. With Cripps and Bevin so much away and Bevan self-sent into the corner, there is no power to balance. Attlee is the supreme commander with Morrison as his Chief-of-Staff and successor; the rest are staff officers. Probably not even Churchill in his war-time hey-day enjoyed a personal ascendancy such as belongs to the Prime Minister to-day. When he addressed the Conference on Tuesday, he did not need to give more than his usual report and his usual definition of Socialist faith. Alluding to the pundits who are demanding a "non-party" policy to meet the crisis, the Prime Minister remarked that we must make Socialism the normal thing in Britain. The best way to discover what this normal thing will be is not to read party documents but to study the character of the Prime Minister. He personifies the democratic Socialism of Britain better than any programme can describe it. And this is not surprising since he accepts Socialism as a moral ideal and repudiates "Theory" as destructive of the fabric of human relations.

But if it responds to Attlee's leadership and if it is more solid than any of its predecessors, this Conference is also full of half-expressed misgivings. Of these, the least influential, though still the most heard, is the misgiving about foreign policy and rearmament. Nostalgia for Anglo-Soviet friendship is becoming, as pacifism and temperance long since became, a matter of personal conscience. Delegates, whose loyal service to the Movement is beyond dispute, like Emrys Hughes and Rhys Davies, may conscientiously object in public - Conference rather likes the old familiar voices - as long as they cause no trouble. Such voices are no longer a stab in the back but echoes from a kindlier past.

More important politically are the misgivings about nationalisation, trade union leadership and wage restraint. Because they are potential sources of disunity and electoral failure, they create animosity as soon as they are voiced. Even if the debate on nationalised industries had not been badly mishandled, it would have revealed the ugly fact that the Party is still incapable of constructively criticising the new National Boards. Most of the spokesmen from the floor seemed to have learnt nothing since 1945 and, for once, I was on Arthur Deakin's side when he bashed the boosers. Shortly afterwards, feeling that no-one but the Tories could benefit from this sorry exhibition, a trade unionist moved the previous question, and Sam Watson made matters worse by accepting the motion thereby preventing Herbert Morrison from replying to some outrageous allegations.

Tuesday's debate on wages and profits was a little better but not much. It took place on a motion moved by Sydney Silverman which, since it evaded every important issue, had been gratefully accepted in advance by the Executive. Two speakers only, Tony Crosland, assuming rather arrogantly the unpopularity of good sense, and a young lady of charm from Islington, raised the issue of a wages policy. The rest merely bombinated against profits as such, as though a Socialist Chancellor did not require any, and talked vaguely about helping the lowest-paid worker as though, without a wages policy, the devil does not always take the hindmost. Jim Griffith's reply - Welsh fervour without economic substance - made one realise the gaping hole left by Sir Stafford Cripps.

So far the lesson of this Conference is the crying need for political education inside the Labour movement. The rank and file is still thinking in the slogans taught them by the leadership while it was still in Opposition. Since these slogans do not fit the facts, it is loyal - but unconvinced; fervent but too often striving for the wrong objective. This confused fervour also explains why the delegates continue to vote "Left" putting Aneurin Bevan at the top of the poll and selecting two Keep Leftists - Ian Mikardo and Barbara Castle - as the only new members to the National Executive. This movement to the Left inside the Party has continued steadily since 1945. But it is a matter of feeling, not of programme or policy. The Party wants to free itself from its frustrations and misgivings, to bridge the gap between the slogans in which it thinks and the realities of 1950. It instinctively supports anybody who stands for "a thorough-going Socialist policy". But of the precise measures necessary to achieve this, it has the haziest idea; nor is it able to estimate which parts of the Government programme have brought us nearer Socialism and which have not. There seems little chance that this Conference will do much to assist the process of political education. The gap between the policies of the Government and the feelings of its supporters is still dangerously large and bridged only by the Prime Minister's leadership. Loyalty is a wonderful thing; but comprehension must be added to it if Socialism is to be really democratic and really dynamic.

R.H.S. CROSSMAN

Margate, Tuesday.

PRINTING DISPUTE

Owing to the printing dispute it has again been impossible to produce a normal issue. We accordingly ask for the indulgence of readers and advertisers.

PUBLIC MISCHIEF-MAKERS

Over a century of industrial strife was responsible for the note of sweet reasonableness in the Conditions of Employment and National Arbitration Order, 1940, which was designed to keep the wheels of industry turning during the war. The employers' federations and the T.U.C. were at one in asking the government to keep it alive after the war, because under it they knew where they stood.

This is not the state of mind of the organisers of unofficial strikes, who are legally in a curious position. The mere fact of their being offered arbitration (as they generally are) gives them the chance to state their case and thus, by implication, the half-promise that they will not be prosecuted. It is notorious that prosecution merely fans the flames, and "you cannot draw up an indictment against a whole people." But there are signs that the lessons of the past 150 years are still lost on some of our legal pundits, who, finding that the Order of 1940 is not being enforced by prosecution and that the Statute Book now offers no weapon comparable with the Combination Acts of 1799 and 1800, are currently discussing in the Press the aptness of the Common Law on conspiracy and "public mischief."

A conspiracy charge would do, of course. "It leaves so broad a discretion in the hands of the judges," says Roscoe's Criminal Evidence, "that it is hardly too much to say that plausible reasons may be found for declaring it to be a crime to do almost anything which the judges regard as morally wrong, or socially or politically dangerous." This is equally true of the Common Law indictment for "effecting a public mischief," which, after 150 years of oblivion, was suddenly revived at the Old Bailey in the case of R. v. Manley (1933). In Manley's case a woman who needed to account for the disappearance of some money laid herself down in a country lane, beside her open handbag, and feigned unconsciousness. When discovered and "revived," she told the police that she had been assaulted and robbed, giving descriptions of her assailants; and the police spent many days looking for them before she confessed that the whole story was untrue. She must be punished - but how? Obstructing the police, perjury, fraud of some kind? In one way or another she fell short of them all. Ahi - Lawrence, J., in Higgins's case (1801): "All offences of a public nature, that is, all such acts or attempts as tend to the prejudice of the community, are indictable." She was convicted of "public mischief", and the failure of her appeal "opened up," wrote the late Dr. W.T.S. Stallybrass, "a gloomy vista of indefinite criminal responsibility."

When Parliamentary legislation was scanty and infrequent, still more when there was no Parliament at all, the power of the judges to create or "discover" new crimes may have been necessary. But today, to quote Stephen's History of the Criminal Law, "If Parliament is not disposed to provide punishments for acts which are upon any ground objectionable or dangerous, the presumption is that they belong to that class of misconduct which it is not desirable to punish." Not even this presumption arises in relation to "unnotified" strikes; their organisers are punishable under a Ministerial Order which has the blessing of Parliament.

While we are deploring the new totalitarianism which, in the U.S.A., Australia, and elsewhere in the "free" world, not only penalises contemporary opinion but victimises men for what they allowed themselves to think in their youth, we should keep a careful eye on these wistful invocations - at present merely legalistic - of the Common Law. Though it has served us well in the struggle for individual liberty, the Common Law of England still contains, by default as it were, provisions which could legalistically justify a period of the severest judicial tyranny before Parliament arose in its wrath to show who was master. America and Australia, in adopting much of our Common Law, chose to do so by writing it into their Constitutions; but they provided that their Supreme Courts could maintain the supremacy of those Constitutions by ruling that the Statutes passed by their legislatures were ultra vires.

In this country, the appeal to the Common Law as a source of retroactive prohibitions might be written off as laughable and insignificant but for one thing. The suggestion has come, not from the academic lawyers but from leaders at the Criminal Bar. It is the professors who have been pointing out that the attempts of the judges to deal with strikes have had a disastrous history, and quoting Gibson v. Lawson (1891): "To hold that the very same acts which are expressly legalised by statute remain nevertheless crimes punishable by the Common Law is contrary to good sense and elementary principle." It is not going much further to say (as is sometimes said in legal circles) that to be known as a "good Common Lawyer" is to be classified, no doubt unintentionally, as a lawyer who is a century behind the times.

In the last fifteen years, criminal lawyers have found that the Common Law indictment for "public mischief" peeps enticingly from the newer text-books when the man they are after has done something so unusual that he appears to have forestalled statutory prohibition. Sometimes this has been because they sought something with a "salutary" penalty, and sometimes because they did not look hard enough for a normal one. It has seemed useful in a few cases - the criminal who got bail by furtively subsidising his surety, the man who fraudulently constructed a public air raid shelter with defective materials, another who telephoned a false air raid warning at the time of the Sudeten German crisis; but all these could, in fact, have been prosecuted for statutory offences.

There is, we are glad to say, little danger that any of His Majesty's judges will be afforded the embarrassing opportunity of deciding whether a strike, official or unofficial, amounts to the commission of a Common Law "public mischief" by its organisers. If there were, the situation would indeed be grave; the time would certainly have come for Parliament to protect the judges from political embarrassment by killing a Common Law survival which, though regarded as dead for 150 years, has obstinately refused to lie down. As it is, we assume that those who seek to deal with a fundamental social problem by the simple and irrelevant expedient of dubbing it a "public mischief" need not be taken very seriously.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entried on a POSTCARD.

A calm poised woman of 40 stood up at a meeting in Lambeth Town Hall on Tuesday and denounced the Labour Government. Brixton Conservatives then knew that after months of domestic upheaval they had found the candidate they wanted. Norwood Times. (W.G. Hodges).

Will lady who purchased glass cruet from.....Ltd. Friday morning, September 22, kindly return engagement ring placed in mustard pot by assistant. Nottingham Evening News. (L.K. Best).

Retiring after 64 years' service with Godmanchester rural council, Mr. T.. C..... aged 82, has been awarded a life pension of 5s. a week. For 20 years he has delivered town hall messages on a tricycle. Evening News. (C.T. Gray).

In Geneva, the Swiss tram conductors blow blasts on hunting horns whenever any new fare pays up. In my considered opinion the adoption of this custom would give English conductors a greater pride in their work. Picture Post. (H.W. Charles).

LONDON DIARY

Owen Lattimore is the most informative and level-headed writer on modern China; if taken, his advice would have saved the United States from her disastrous intervention against Peking. He has now set forth in detail, and with studious moderation, the grotesque story of his indictment by Senator McCarthy as "Chief Soviet Spy". Through reading Ordeal by Slander (published by Little, Brown in America) I have learnt what the witch-hunt is really like. McCarthy, who made these charges against Lattimore when he was in Thibet so that the Republican Press would have a free run before he had a chance of denial, is not, it seems, merely a political swashbuckler. Lattimore describes him as the master of "a formidable technique." He uses, for instance, "the repetitive lie, renewing a charge after it has been disproved, and the alternative lie, switching from one unsupported charge to another..." (Huey Long once pointed out that the most likely way of destroying American liberty was by pretending to defend democracy.) He could not justify or support one of his charges against Lattimore and owing to a gross defect of procedure he never had to meet his victims face to face.

Much of this evil witch-hunt is, I gather, generously paid for by the China Lobby, which means, briefly, that those people who hope to make money in China by involving America in war are now given the opportunity of spending millions of the dollars corruptly squeezed out of Chinese people by the Kuomintang gang. The exciting thing is that by fighting back hard from the outset, Owen Lattimore was able to win through at the cost of terrible personal suffering and at an expense which would have ruined a less influential citizen. He remarks that the most alarming trends in "Loyalty Investigations" is that they give rise to a competition between the two parties in which each tries to show "that it is more diligent than the other in its willingness to label citizens as Communists". The only possible salvation for America depends on the courage of individuals, and Mr. Lattimore quotes a letter from a student in California, who says that he had "gradually slipped into doing and saying what is expedient, instead of what I believed to be right"; that the cause of academic freedom depended on the Lattimore case, and that its result was to make him decide to fight for liberty instead of giving in.

* * *

Mr. Isaacs did not succeed, if the object of his broadcast was to answer Harry Pollitt's demand for evidence that the British Communist Party had instructions to support a campaign of industrial sabotage. Such evidence would in any case be secret. The right answer seems to be that in England we ought not to use the word "sabotage", as they often do in the U.S.S.R., merely to mean decreasing production and encouraging discontent, which, fairly obviously, is Communist policy today. The danger of talking loosely about sabotage is that in England, as in America, an atmosphere may be created in which anything may be justified by the cry of "anti-Communism"; legitimate work for peace may be prevented, long-overdue structural reform in the trade unions may be forgotten and the liberties we are supposed to be defending may be destroyed.

* * *

With the possible exception of the author of Animal Farm - George Orwell is, unhappily, dead - I can think of no writer of our period who could adequately satirise current events in South Africa. Take, for instance, the report of a recent appeal heard by the Supreme Court in Capetown against a four months' prison sentence passed upon a European woman and a non-European man under the Immorality Act 1950. They both pleaded guilty to having lived together for 15 years (when this was not an offence) and to the wickedness of having three children. Mr. Justice Newton Thompson remarked that this was a difficult case which might be properly dealt with with a mere fortnight in jail, but he added: "Of course, for any second offence by the same people the sentence would be more severe, and accused must realise that they must not consort together as husband and wife in the future." No comment seems possible upon this example of justice, where a father and mother who have been together for 15 years are not only imprisoned, but forbidden to live together in the future, (what happens to the children?) and, by the same Act under which they are condemned, they are prohibited from marrying.

* * *

At last the ruins of the anti-aircraft battery have been cleared from Primrose Hill. During the summer bull-dozers were sent up there, gaping gunpits were filled and the horrid remains of concrete, corrugated iron and barbed wire decently buried or carted away. Now the hilltop is smooth and scarless and just beginning to grow a new covering of grass and weeds. Except from the top of Hampstead Heath there is no other comparable view in North London. Yet even before the war Primrose Hill was largely wasted. Nearby residents enjoyed the spectacle of groves of magnificent crimson May. But beyond that, at the summit of the hill itself, there were only a few seats and an object like a suburban bird-bath which enabled one to identify some of the sights of London with great discomfort and little certainty.

Can we not show more imagination now that a virgin summit invites some crowning grace? I should like to see a good restaurant built, a place where one could take one's friends, and especially foreign friends, to eat and drink reasonably well while looking out over all the sights from St. Pauls to Battersea power station. There ought to be one open air terrace and another under glass - like the famous glass dining room of the Henri Quatre which commanded Paris from the heights of St. Germain. A friend, who lives nearby, suggests that if this would cost too much in hard times (but it would attract visitors), a garden might be made and furnished "with one of those painted porcelain panoramas of the kind which they designed so well in Germany. Then any newcomer could stand behind the nearly painted miniature landscape while surveying the real one beyond, identifying each tower, dome and spire, the line of the river, all the landmarks which show in the blue morass of the city." I can see that such a panorama would be a nice toy, but I still take the view that there ought to be a restaurant on Primrose Hill.

* * *

Picasso's second dove is now to be seen in Paris on all the placards, announcing the Second World Congress of Peace Partisans, arranged for November 17th in Sheffield. It is sad but scarcely surprising to see that this bird now looks somewhat superciliously down a beak which does not carry an olive or indeed any kind of branch. It is in fact slightly ruffled as if it had been pulled backwards through the Iron Curtain; perhaps Picasso anticipated that the British would put difficulties in the way of receiving some leading members of the Preparatory Committee, that de Gasperi would refuse the Congress hospitality in Italy and that the Peace Partisans would therefore be derouted back through Prague. The tragic problem of our time is to find a dove which represents the common people's desire for peace everywhere and which avoids being labelled a Muscovy duck.

CRITIC

By Any Other Name ...

We have eliminated the expression "net profit for the year" and substituted the true description of "unappropriated balance after meeting all charges and liabilities for the year". - Extract from Company Chairman's speech reported in The Times.

MOSCOW CONSIDERS KOREA

There was, until a couple of weeks ago, a widespread belief among Soviet Russians that there would be no war at all. That is to say, that there would be one - it would be un-Marxist to think that one could be avoided in the end - but that it would not be fought by us, but by our children, or perhaps grandchildren. Most likely, in thirty or forty years' time.

This happy - relatively happy - belief is no longer entertained, judging from what conversations one still has with Russians, and from the changed tone of their press. First of all, what was the "war in 1990" theory based on? It was based on two considerations: one was that there was, between the Soviet bloc and the "Atlantic" bloc a comfortable balance, in which the Soviet superiority of land forces, which could occupy Western Europe in a few days, on the one hand, and American superiority in atomic weapons on the other, cancelled each other out. Since Russia had no desire to be "atomised", she was not going to invade either Western Europe or the Near East. Similarly, the Americans were not going to budge either. Secondly, the lesson the Russians learned from the first two months of the Korean war was that Asiatic peoples could not be defeated by a mere concentration of tanks and aviation - they were fighting a "just war" and were therefore "invincible". In all Soviet propaganda this note recurs over and over again, and the ultimate victory of the "revolutionary struggle" by Korea, China, Vietnam, and the other colonial and "semi-colonial" peoples was treated as something axiomatic and "historically inevitable".

There is sufficient evidence to show that a sharp change has occurred in Soviet public opinion in the last two or three weeks, and especially since the turn of the tide in Korea. On the face of it, everything is still the same: propaganda, and the new economic measures proclaimed by the government - such as the stupendous new hydro-electric and irrigation scheme (the latest, to be carried out in the next six years, is the 700-mile long Turkmenia Canal which will irrigate and turn into cotton and pasture lands many thousands of square miles of desert between the Amu Daria river and the Caspian) - suggest nothing other than that the Soviet Union will continue without a hitch to develop into the mightiest and most prosperous economic power in the world. There are now, however, a number of indications that the conversion of peace industries into war industries will begin shortly, especially if the present international tension continues, - even though, until some days ago, a common theme in Soviet propaganda was to say that the real purpose of American rearmament was merely to "upset the Soviet plans of Socialist reconstruction", but that Russia was not going to be intimidated or "diverted from her course". It is also probable that if, up till now, the decentralisation of the principal war industries was planned, but only partially carried out, this process will be intensified in coming months.

The factors which have spread alarm in Russia have, obviously, been the following: American and Western rearmament, including the imminent rearmament of Western Germany; the "preventive war" speeches in America; and the virtual "atomisation" of Korea.

In Russian eyes, all these three developments have tremendous implications. The war in Korea - though exceptionally favourable to naval operations, which no war on any Continent would be - has brought home to the Russian people (though not to the military who must have known what was what from the outset) that technical and industrial superiority in war count more, in the long run, than even the finest human spirit, and that bombing can crush, in the end, even a people like the Koreans. The changes in Soviet home propaganda on Korea have been instructive to watch: the main theme at first was "the revolt of Asia" which would sweep everything before it. Even in the middle of August, Russian correspondents in Korea still described how soldiers of the People's Army were straining at the leash "hoping to be the first to enter Pusan" and "chuck the Americans into the sea". Yet, even then, the Korean people were already suffering terribly.

Now the conclusion drawn by the Russians from the war in Korea is the utter ruthlessness of the "United Nations" forces in their use of bombs. A cartoon in last week's Krokodil showed a Korean woman, clutching her two children, as she stumbles over corpses amidst the blazing ruins of a town, and, in reply to the children's screams of terror as more bombs drop, she remarks: "Remember, this is the voice of America!" General MacArthur's remark (quoted by a Reuter correspondent) "This is a comforting sight for my old eyes!" as he looked at the bodies of four North Koreans at Inchon was, of course, widely reproduced in the Russian press.

All this has created a tremendous new problem. Are the colonial and semi-colonial people henceforth to be encouraged to fight their "just wars of liberation", if they are to be virtually "atomised", as the Koreans have been? The Russians are convinced that the great majority of Koreans are heart and soul with the Northerners, and they would therefore fully support a solution on the lines said to be proposed by the Chinese - the withdrawal of North Koreans to the 38th Parallel, the withdrawal of the United Nations forces to Pusan, (obviously a point open to bargaining) and a plebiscite, followed by an election, under international supervision. Only, it is asked, can one be sure that America would really accept the verdict of the Korean people if - as seems likely - it were favourable to the Communists?

Next comes the question of "preventive war". The Russians were clearly shaken by the recent speeches of Americans like Matthews and Spaatz, and there is no doubt that they were relieved by the replacement of Johnson by Marshall. Marshall continued to figure as a "warmonger", but at least not as one desiring an immediate war, which could only be one of mutual extermination. It showed the Russians that there were still "some responsible people in America who knew what a boomerang an atomic attack on Prime Russia would be", as one Soviet commentator put it.

The Marshall appointment has, however, certain disadvantages from the Russian standpoint. "He is more slick, more diplomatic, more self-righteous", one Soviet paper wrote, "and can camouflage America's designs more skilfully than the 'maniacs'". The "preventive war" advocates, as the Soviets rightly noted, profoundly alarmed Western Europe, and were a godsend to the "Partisans of Peace"; Marshall, on the other hand, will, in the Russian view, prepare for war more quietly and methodically, and will try to instil into Western Europe a unity of purpose now still lacking.

In the Russian view to-day, therefore, the appointment of Marshall has the disadvantage of lending a certain air of respectability to American policy. In the long run, Marshall will be more dangerous to the peace of the world than the Johnsons and Matthews, who met with the sharpest reaction from West-European opinion. In the short run, however, the Marshall appointment may be all to the good if a breathing space is gained in which a general peace settlement may be reached between Russia and America. The Russians, for all their propaganda, believe that there are still some sufficiently influential people in America who do not believe a general war to be inevitable - and they hope that Truman and Marshall may be among them. All the indications are that after the November election in America, Russia will come forward with new far-reaching peace proposals. As a result of Korea, the Russians are now clearly on the defensive and may even be said, for the present, to have largely written off Korea, and perhaps Viet Nam, just as, in the past, they wrote off Persian Azerbaijan when things got too hot. Pending this Russian peace offer, it would perhaps be fatal to do anything at the present stage that would drive them out of the United Nations.

ALEXANDER WERTH

PRIVATE PROSECUTIONS

Except for a few common informers, whose motives vary from conscious virtue to cupidity, everyone now leaves the business of prosecuting criminals to the police. There are, to be sure, offences like smuggling, adulteration of food, breaches of the Shops Acts, and income tax fraud which are the concern of special authorities and which the police, either by tradition or by law, have nothing whatever to do with. In some under-policed and over-burgled districts there have recently been "private" police forces with peaked caps, armlets, truncheons, £5 a week and a Board of Directors. The Service Departments and the Ministry of Civil Aviation have established little police forces to look after their special territories. And there are the eagle-eyed "store detectives" whose vigilance has led to the discovery of kleptomania. But many of these tend to bring their cases to the "regular" police as the right people to launch prosecutions.

They need not do so. "At Common Law," says Russell on Crimes, "any person may take proceedings by way of indictment in respect of any crime, subject to the right of the Crown to intervene and take over a prosecution or to stay it by entering a nolle prosequi." It is, indeed, only a few years since the police, nagged into economy by their watch committees, were disposed to cajole victims of fraud and false pretences (in particular) into taking their complaints to solicitors and prosecuting "privately," i.e., at their own expense.

But the private prosecution for murder which came before the Arundel magistrates last week would have been a rare enough occasion to attract widespread notice even if the police themselves had not already dropped the case after two years of investigation. Whatever the truth about the murder of Miss Woodhouse in Arundel Park on July 31st, 1948, an arrest and committal for trial on inadequate evidence could always be expected to result in an acquittal, or the quashing of a conviction on appeal (which amounts to the same thing). Thereafter, the person who was prosecuted is immune for ever, notwithstanding any further evidence that may come to light in future years, notwithstanding even his own subsequent confession. In murder cases, as in others, therefore, it is often profitable for the police to wait. But if, meanwhile, some interested party desires to launch a prosecution on the evidence available, there is nothing in law to stop him, and he may be doing the defendant a great service by clearing his name, instead of leaving him for a lifetime, as the police might leave him, to the mercy of local gossip.

In describing the Arundel case as "the first of its kind for eighty-six years," the newspapers are harking back to the Saffron Hill murder of 1864. That extraordinary case is too often overlooked by those who profess no uneasiness about the irrevocability of the death penalty in relation to the possibility of mistaken verdicts. On December 26th, 1864, an Englishman named Michael Harrington was fatally stabbed during an Anglo-Italian brawl in the Golden Anchor Public House, Saffron Hill. (This district, immediately to the north of Holborn Circus, was at that time a kind of "little Italy.") Several Italians were arrested, and one of them, Serafino Pelizzioni, was charged with murder. At an identification parade arranged by the police in the hospital just before Harrington died, he pointed to Pelizzioni (the only man in the room with a moustache) and said: "That's the man who did it. I hope God will forgive him." In due course Pelizzioni was convicted at the Old Bailey and sentenced to death.

His defence had been financed by Mr. Henry Negretti, of the firm of Negretti & Zambra, scientific instrument makers, whose premises were then in Holborn Circus. Mr. Negretti was chairman of a committee representing the Italian community in London, and he had reason to believe that the real murderer was a man known as Gregorio, who was Pelizzioni's cousin. Eight witnesses had been called by the defence to prove him the murderer, but they were disbelieved. Five days after Pelizzioni was sentenced to death Mr. Negretti, as the result of an anonymous letter, found Gregorio working in a Birmingham carpenter's shop and told him what had happened. Gregorio, who could neither speak nor read English, and may have been genuinely unaware of events, was much distressed and asked what he could do. "You can save him if you give yourself up," said Mr. Negretti. They returned to London and Gregorio surrendered himself at King's Cross police station for the murder of Michael Harrington. Mr. Negretti preferred the charge and, as there was then no Director of Public Prosecutions, he instructed counsel throughout.

The police got themselves out of what they appeared to think was a procedural difficulty by preparing, in the first instance, a charge of "aiding and abetting" Pelizzioni in the commission of the murder. But Mr. Negretti's purpose was to show that Pelizzioni had had nothing to do with the murder at all; his view was that the police had been obstructive from the first, and he was not interested in any devices by which they might wish to vindicate their behaviour and support the conviction of an innocent man. At the magisterial hearing the charge was altered to murder, and on that charge Gregorio was sent to the Old Bailey for trial - to the indignation of several jurors who had served in the Pelizzioni trial and who now wrote protesting letters to the press. The depositions against Gregorio were sent to the Treasury Solicitor in case the Government might feel that, having got the one man convicted, they ought to show their confidence in that issue by defending the other. They did not.

At the end of the trial, during which Pelizzioni had been brought from the condemned cell to give evidence, the jury retired for an hour and found Gregorio guilty of the manslaughter of Michael Harrington. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude; and Pelizzioni, after an abortive second trial on a charge of having wounded another of the rioters, was released. "The police," said Mr. Negretti in a statement which became the high-light of an almost hysterical controversy, "were told on the evening of the fatal occurrence, by a relative of Harrington's, that they had got hold of the wrong man. The answer they gave I will not repeat, because I can hardly believe it myself."

As illustrating that the rights of "private" prosecutors, though little known and seldom used, can be of great value to the cause of justice, the Saffron Hill murder case should be kept fresh in the public memory. But if even so rare an occurrence were thought damaging to police prestige, cases like the Arundel prosecution should be given equal weight. The police have a tacitly recognised discretion in deciding whether or not to prosecute; and this is a good thing for motorists, street orators, promoters of whist drives, and the owners of collarless dogs.

Dr. Ivor Jennings puts it neatly in The Law and the Constitution. "Any person," he says, "can lay an information against a criminal, and the judicial process will then continue unless the Attorney-General enters a nolle prosequi. In practice, however, private persons do not lay informations in respect of breaches of the restrictions on liberty, and prosecution is undertaken by the police. At the same time, the police are under no obligation to prosecute" (there are one or two exceptions to this) "and in practice they exercise a substantial discretion." Elsewhere he says that this discretion has come to be regarded as part of the Constitution. So, perhaps, has the right of the citizen to prosecute when the police have decided against it. But even if, in the generality of such cases, we get ready to blame the police for remissness in the discharge of their duty, we must not do it in murder cases merely on the ground that they will not use the evidence we imagine they have got. The decision whether or not there shall be a police prosecution for murder is to-day the sole responsibility of the Director of Public Prosecutions.

C.H. ROLPH

BOOK REVIEWS

WICKED OR STUPID?

"The Russo-German Alliance 1939-1941." By A. Rossi. Chapman and Hall. 12s.6d.

There are two possible, and one impossible, interpretation of Soviet foreign policy. The impossible one is the interpretation of the believers that Soviet policy is invariably right, invariably idealistic, and invariably successful. Of the two possible interpretations one supposes that Soviet leaders blunder along like everyone else, though with a different set of blunders; the other sees Soviet policy as consciously evil, malignantly pursuing the aim of world supremacy and always choosing the worst of means to do it. Though this view was invented along with the myth of the nationalisation of women by Mrs. Nesta Webster and the Morning Post, it is now much favoured by ex-Communists; in fact Max Beloff is the only writer with a respectable past who holds it. M. Rossi, as an ex-Communist, is no exception. His account of the Nazi-Soviet pact, and its working-out, makes a fine display of scholarship, much of it justified; but it has an underlying assumption, based on feelings not on documents, that the Soviet leaders had a steady, almost moral, preference for Hitler and the German alliance. Since nothing is known of the inner working of Soviet diplomacy, this view can be neither disproved or proved; it certainly makes a plausible story.

According to M. Rossi, Stalin always favoured "the policy of Rapallo"; "it was Hitler, and Hitler alone," who abandoned it. Stalin's speech of March 10, 1939, marks the "decision" in favour of Germany; and the negotiations with England and France were simply a re-insurance in case the attempt at a settlement with Hitler failed, or even merely a way of making Hitler raise his price. This argument is based almost exclusively on the German documents, Nazi-Soviet Relations, which the Americans published two years ago. These documents have been analysed more effectively, though less dogmatically, by English writers; and in particular M. Rossi's speculations on the negotiations with the western powers look jejune when compared to Professor Namier's superlative essay in his recent volume.

The book, though still based on Nazi-Soviet Relations, improves when it reaches the outbreak of war; or at any rate it covers less familiar ground. M. Rossi is quite right to argue that the Nazi-Soviet pact was a fourth partition of Poland and right also to insist that even a small ethnic Poland was eliminated on Soviet insistence at the end of September, 1939. He makes a good deal, though not too much, of the aid which the Communists in every country gave to Hitler by their peace propaganda between 1939 and 1941; he also brings out the agreeable story of the attempt at a Soviet-Fascist bloc to curb Hitler in the Balkans. No one would dispute that the Balkans and the Straits were the cause of the Nazi-Soviet quarrel; nor that "Russia joined the democratic front in June, 1941, simply and solely because Germany forced her to do so at the point of the sword". The general argument here from Molotov's visit to Berlin in November, 1940, until the outbreak of war is excellently done.

Yet, even if it is satisfactory to discuss Soviet policy solely from German and Italian sources, it is difficult to accept the emphasis on Soviet wickedness. Trying to take a detached view, it really seems more likely that in the spring of 1939, for example, the Soviet leaders knew no better than anyone else what to do. Like western politicians, they discovered the impossibility of an alliance with England and France only as they went along. Some protagonist of the "wicked" interpretation should really answer the question; what should the Russians have done in the summer of 1939? Considering the Anglo-French record, how could the Russians ensure a war against Germany on two fronts except by getting England and France involved first? Even two years later, the Anglo-American effort and sacrifice was immeasurably less than the Russian; no doubt there was a simple geographic explanation, but this is no consolation to the seven million Russian dead. If Russia had been involved in war in 1939, the Anglo-French effort would have been virtually nil. The Russians blundered (like everyone else) in overrating the strength of France; they ought to have been ready to march in May, 1940. But this is evidence of stupidity, not of wickedness.

The blunder of colossal proportions was Hitler's in attacking Russia; and this blunder sprang from the mistake of regarding Russia as potentially aggressive. If Hitler had realised that the Russian leaders would never launch themselves into a major war, he could have had the world at his feet. After all, Rapallo was due to German, not to Russian, initiative; and plenty of Germans from Bismarck on knew that the path to greatness lay in friendship with Russia and conquest of the west. The moral of this book is not that Russian policy is more wicked or even more farsighted than that of other Great Powers. It is that whoever builds up the military power of Germany is presenting Russia with an ally; and this time there may not be a Hitler to save the western world from the consequences of its folly.

A.J.P. TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

"Across the River and into the Trees". By Ernest Hemingway. Cape. 9s. 6d.
"The Dead Seagull". By George Barker. John Lehmann. 7s. 6d.
"Stranger In the land". By Ward Thomas. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

After ten years of silence, Hemingway has presented us with a new novel. His admirers will continue to writhe over it for a long time; his detractors will welcome it as reinforcing all their previous convictions about the author's ultimate value as a writer. While the legions of literary commandos mobilized under Hemingway's influence over the past 25 years may well feel that the general has sold the pass, down the Boulevard St. Germain, on the Côte D'Azur, in B.B.C. canteens and the alcoves of the London Library, sleek mandarins must even now be laying this book down with a thin sadistic smile and the reflection that the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Not that there is anything wrong with the basic idea behind this novel. Richard Cantwell, a war "beat-up" U.S. colonel with a cardiac condition, who once commanded three battalions, knows he has only a short time to live. He therefore returns to Venice, the city he fell in love with as a young man when fighting with the Italians in the first world war, to spend his last hours with the girl he loves and afterwards have some duck shooting. The 'return' motif - whether it be to Ithaca or Balbec, a recession into the Lost Garden or a journey back along the road to Mandalay - is a fruitful theme in fiction since it gives the writer an opportunity to impose a reflective pattern on a mass of discursive incident. Hemingway himself succeeded fairly well with this method in his short story, The Snows of Kilimanjaro, and if he had written his present novel in the same manner it would doubtless have been extremely successful. As it is, instead of writing a taut, disciplined narrative, the nostalgia and desiderium of which should be all the more effective because nine-tenths submerged, he has chosen to prolong his theme for 250 highly embarrassing pages.

The reason for his failure lies mainly with the Colonel himself. Not only is he the most unsympathetic 'regular' in the whole of modern literature, he is an utter travesty of the Homo Hemingwayensis. Burnt-up, atrabilious, salving the remembrance of his lost battalions in a succession of dry Martinis, he maunders and attitudinises his last hours away in the golden city, taking it out on SHAEF, Montgomery, the British Army, his first wife, his wounded hand and the hotel elevator. His apparent toughness and "talking rough" he keeps for others; his sentimentality and self-pity he saves for himself, his nineteen-year-old Contessa, his friend the Maître d'Hôtel, and the

peripheral confederacy of the 'tough', the people who count.

> 'Thanks very much for the drink', the Colonel said and Arnaldo, who was talking into the telephone, nodded and smiled his glass-eyed smile.
> I wish he did not have to have that glass eye, the Colonel thought. He only loved people, he thought, who had fought or been mutilated.

One is left feeling that Hemingway has succumbed to that nemesis that attends the writer in whom evolution of style has outdistanced development of vision. Such a fate can be appreciated by comparing The Amazing Marriage with The Ambassadors. While Meredith's book is a display of naked virtuosity, James's elaborate 'third manner' has been evolved to express new and deeper layers of insight and feeling. Hemingway appears to have been fighting his own private battle for so long that the war has only furnished him with an opportunity for false heroics.

Mr. George Barker is another novelist whose style is in excess of his material, though since he is primarily a poet with what his publisher's blurb describes as a "concentrated violence of style", the gap is perhaps inevitable. The Dead Seagull is concerned with the infidelity of a literary man and his wife's subsequent death in childbirth. Its theme is original sin, Newman's "dreadful aboriginal calamity". Instead of fusing 'myth' and action, Mr. Barker has allowed them to become bifurcated, largely as a result of his prose style which wobbles between phallic grandiosity ("Rites of fertility, orgies of procreation ... we are the monstrous automata of multiplication, the delegated exuviae of God"), and banal narration.

The result, far from being a novel, is a somewhat pretentious (though occasionally striking) prose poem forcibly grafted on to a rather nondescript short story. As for Mr. Barker's narrator, instead of exemplifying the "misery and the guilt of the bodily splendours" or even "the slight odour of hell in the dishevelled bed", he merely succeeds in arousing the reader's bored distaste. This is no Adam, or Leopold Bloom, but Mr. Mybug au sérieux.

Stranger In The Land is an honest, realistic and excessively over-written study of a homosexual schoolmaster in a New England township. In place of aesthetic pattern or psychological penetration, it has the heavy monochrome integrity familiar to readers of the Well of Loneliness. With its smooth, slab-like paragraphs, cumbrous flash-backs and heavily contrived dialogue 'insets', the book is at once too clinical and too sentimental. Mr. Thomas's approach is peculiarly American - a blend of Edward Carpenter and the Saturday Evening Post with a dash of Dr. Kinsey to give circumstantial fillip. He has handled his material in a frank but unselective fashion and he has done so in surgical gloves. The result is a book which fails as a novel but has considerable documentary value for the student of modern American society.

JOHN RAYMOND

THE BROWNINGS

'The Immortal Lovers'. By Frances Winwar. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

No major poet, I suppose, has been so poorly served by critics and biographers as Browning. Miss Winwar is not a critic; her biography, misguidedly designed, as the title indicates, to include a group of readers who will not read it, will be a disappointment to those who are really interested in the poet. Nevertheless, the inadequacies are, in their way, as interesting as the material of the book: both are worth investigating.

Browning was thirty four, Elizabeth Barrett nearly forty when they married and left for Italy ("a charming fugitive pair", their friend Mrs. Jameson called them) a year after their first meeting in 1845. The story of the perilous courtship and marriage is one of the most delightful and fantastic in biographical history. Yet some smoothness - some lack of friction in Browning's life, at least, keeps it from taking a hold on the imagination. The poetry is a different matter.

> May - but you, who do not love her,
> Is she not pure gold, my mistress?

Here at once is the poet, and here the lady. But in the biography our attention insists on straying to the supporting characters. On the one side is Browning's father, thwarted himself as a boy, yet the most indulgent and helpful of parents to his own son and daughter. Sent when a young man to the family plantation at St. Kitt's (his father had refused him the university education he desired) he was so horrified by what he saw of the slave system that he left and came back to become a clerk in the Bank of England. He promptly received from his home a bill for everything he had cost since birth - including the midwifery expenses. On the other is the prosperous and tyrannical Mr. Barrett, not sensitive at all about his family business in Jamaica, but possessed of a mad horror that any of his numerous children (his wife had borne twelve before she died) should marry. With Elizabeth, the oldest and the favourite, he had developed a curious, intense emotional relationship complicated later by a joint acceptance that she was, through disobedience, responsible for her brother Edward's death by drowning. He described her, rather strangely, as "the purest woman he knew." Years after her marriage he returned, unopened, every letter that she had since sent him.

At any stage of her life, Miss Barrett might have been invented by Henry James. Fragile, famous, and invisible, immured in Wimpole Street by a vague invalidism (which her biographer accepts without query) she should certainly stir our interest. Browning's early history, however, seems to have held no frustrations; no dark secrets. A term or two as one of the first students at the new London University which opened in 1828, a short period as a medical student at Guy's, a brief visit to Russia in 1834 and two later ones to Italy - these were the chief interruptions in his career as a poet.

It is hard to believe that his popularity did not begin until the publication of The Ring and the Book in 1868. Before then he was the poet of coteries, the young man's poet. With his chief early admirers, the PreRaphaelites, he had little patience. "How I hate Love," he wrote, "as a lubberly naked young man putting his arms here and his wings there about a pair of lovers - a fellow they would kick away in the reality!" Elizabeth, as old reference books still reveal, was the important writer, a likely candidate, even, for the Laureateship when Wordsworth died in 1850. Ruskin pronounced Aurora Leigh "the greatest poem in the English language". Blackwood's described her genius as "profound, unsullied, and without a flaw." Other eulogies came from America. "You ought to come to New York," wrote the Massachusetts poet Mrs. Osgood, "to see Mr. Poe's wild eyes flash through tears when he reads your verses." (Mrs. Browning's view of Poe was more detached. "There is poetry in the man, now and then, seen between great gaps of bathos"). Her poetry indeed, like her criticism, has a force that is surprising. A romantic diction often covers ideas diluted from her early reading of Voltaire, Rousseau and Tom Paine. But the final brilliance, the hard preserving quality of Browning's poetry, is absent.

What of Pen Browning, born in 1849, the only son of these remarkable parents? The pretty gifted boy, looking, his mother quaintly declared, like "a fairy born of a lily and a rose", seems to have turned into an amiable and feckless dilettante. He had two illegitimate daughters by the time he was nineteen. (What became of them? Miss Winwar gives no clues to the source of her information). His few months at Christ Church - even Jowett's influence could not get him into Balliol - were devoted mainly to billiards and rowing. Finally he fixed on art as a profession. At thirty-eight he married a wealthy American and, in his imitative way, settled in Venice. There he drops out of Miss Winwar's story. There is no educational moral in all this. Browning himself had been an indulged only son. His excellent father, on the other hand, had not.

The Immortal Lovers should, however, be a warning to all biographers who suffer from divided intention. It does not lack research - even the poorest biography is not put together without labour - but a literary conscience. Miss Wimsar concedes a large vague bibliography; she counters this by making no reference to it throughout the book. Not a single fact, indeed, is referred to its source. She selects the manner of a good friend of the family, refusing to stand outside her subject and assess it. Worst of all, her style corrupts her material; fact and metaphor are often indistinguishable, and she commits the final literary sin of writing about emotion with emotion. "In the upheaval," she observes of Miss Barrett, "her soul had been shattered and from the wounds, as from the clefts made by an earthquake, great bursts of living flowers blessed what had been so frightening." Events so recorded cease to have their own dignity, but exist, it seems, by favour of the biographer's imagination. This impression is increased by passages of dialogue between the characters. ("Miss Barrett listened quietly for a while. 'It seems to me,' she offered..."). A few more pictures might have been a compensation. There are but two, one of each poet.

NAOMI LEWIS

"Late Harvest." By S.L. Bensusan. Routledge. 16s.

Mr. Bensusan's remarkable yield shows no sign of decreasing, nor does his quality fall off. There are fifty-four short stories collected in this volume, and the author discloses in a Preface, where he courteously offers apologies for his unconscionable endurance, that he has entrusted to his publishers the typescript of two more volumes, "so that the tale may be told with or without the teller." The stories in "Late Harvest", like all the other books Mr. Bensusan has written, are about the Essex Marshland, which is his literary corner. His knowledge of the people of this region - not as they are now, perhaps, but as they used to be - approaches omniscience; it allows him to laugh at them, but to laugh compassionately. As a rule Mr. Bensusan portrays simple people in unequal combat with the simple vices - pride, greed, superstition, fear of womankind etc. - and however sad the inherent situation may be he makes us see it as comedy. Many of his best stories, among which "The Queenless Hive" is pre-eminent, are a combination of Hardyesque pathos and the humour of W.W. Jacobs, a strange but happy marriage. When Mr. Bensusan deals with life and conversation up at the Manor, as in "A Lost Opportunity", he is less successful. The guile of the unsophisticated is his speciality. The poachers, tramps and witches, the farmers and scheming widows of Essex are the people he is at home with, the people he knows most thoroughly. He also knows, quite perfectly, their subtle turns of thought and speech; and it is a tribute to his technical accomplishment that his reproduction of their dialect is never tedious.

WEEK-END COMPETITIONS

No. 1,076

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a 4-line epigrammatic verse on 'The End of Summer: 1950'.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 1,073

Set by R.K. Buchanan

The usual prizes are offered for a tombstone inscription in four lines of rhyming verse on any one of the following: zoo attendant, detective story writer, ticket collector, stockbroker, barrow-boy, dance-hall hostess, tennis champion, crooner, quiz-master.

Report by R.K. Buchanan

This competition was set in wary realisation that it might flush coveys of stale tropes, of obvious ironies. So it did. Zoo attendant now food for beasts, detective writer solving life's last mystery, ticket collector with nothing to show at the Pearly Gates, hostess joining the dance of death, stockbroker facing the last settling day, quiz-master putting the final question, barrow-boy Moving On - they tramped their way relentlessly through the huge entry. In my final selection I inclined to those which at least gave the trope's tale a twist. Prizes of a guinea each to authors of the verses asterisked. Honourable mention to the others, and to James Robertson, A.B., Joyce Johnson, and D.C. Ide.

ZOO ATTENDANT

* Here lies one foot of Henry Taylor,
The great carnivores's friend and jailor.
During Smithfield Market strike he died.
God rest his soul and the leopard's inside.
JANE MACKNDOE

O spider, ant and grey woodlouse,
A man who loved you lies asleep;
Once Keeper of the Insect House
He begs you now his house to keep.
JULIAN ORDE

* Here lies a man whose claim to fame
Lies in the bear who bears his name.
(His legs and life insurance claim
Lie in a lion he swore to tame.)
E.M.

BARROW-BOY

* A seller of tomatoes dear,
A barrow-boy lies buried here.
As he in life, so God in death,
Puts good above and bad beneath.
JOYCE DOWLER

CROONER

* R.I.P.
So do we
Who knew at second-hand his voice -
A next-door neighbour's constant choice.
MAURICE CASSEL

Here rests for good a great Crooner,
Some wish she had gone much sooner.
They thought it awful to croon,
She thought she stopped crooning too soon.
S. PAWSON

QUIZ-MASTER

* Animal his definition
Vegetable his nutrition
Early was his sad perdition
Abstract now is his condition.
ZEOLI

Here lies a maestro of the microphone,
An unctuous jester to the B.B.C.
Who now knows all the answers. Make no moan!
None could abide his questions.. We are free.
ROBERT MURRAY

DETECTIVE STORY WRITER

* This stone commemorates the great detective-writer who
Fell himself into an acid-bath before he ever knew
The sequel to the thriller he was going to dénoue.
Now he hasn't got a body - and he hasn't got a clue.
RAYMOND JELTES

He wrote his thrillers in the dead of night
Mixing, from time to time, his favourite toddy.
Alas, no longer can he ply the pen -
Spirits abound, but he can find no body.
H.W. WILLIAMS

RETORT COURTEOUS

Final demands from the North Thames Gas Board are to be more politely worded. News item.

Gas Board to Consumer

Dear Sir, your bill now overdue,
The North Thames Gas Board begs to mention
And writes to bring the matter to
Your kind attention.

Accounts attached for rent and hire
From readings of the Gas Board meter
Record arrears for cooker, fire
And Magic Heater.

The Board respectfully suggests
It can extend no further lenience,
And payment in one week requests,
At your convenience.

Regretfully it adds, unless
You settle on the date expected,
You must, to its acute distress,
Be disconnected.

Your prompt remittance to the Board
Will be received with keenest pleasure,
And your supply at once restored
To normal pressure.

Its high esteem the Board affirms
And from discomfort would preserve you;
Dear Sir, believe me, like its therms,
It burns to serve you.

Consumer to Gas Board

Dear Sir, in answer to your brief
But very courteous ultimatum,
Your gas supply remains the chief
Desideratum.

For while the Board with covert threat
Deferred instalments is demanding,
Consumers equally regret
The gas outstanding.

In view of the prevailing cut
I'm neither shaken nor impressed, sir;
To disconnect my main were but
A futile gesture.

Regarding failure of supplies
For sixteen days and nights consecutive,
May I respectfully advise
The Gas Executive

This is no favourable time
To press consumers for their payment,
When coated with domestic grime,
In spotty raiment,

Chilled to the bone before dead fires,
Betrayed by cookers, heaters, freezers,
They feel estranged from the suppliers,
The Gas Board geezers?

Trusting you will no further strain
My sorely-tested sense of humour,
Dear Sir, dear Gas Board, I remain,
Yours cordially,
The Consumer.

SAGITTARIUS

The New Statesman and Nation, October 7, 1950

CORRESPONDENCE

THE BOMB

Sir,- Lieut.-Colonel V. Peniakoff suggests that we should be prepared to fight the nation which first uses an atomic weapon. In certain circumstances this would mean that we should suddenly change sides when one bomb is made to do the work of one thousand. This is a strange example of a quantitative change in violence effecting a qualitative change in attitude.

Does he suppose that the international situation could have been improved if Britain had declared war on the U.S. over Hiroshima?

It is not certain that the exclusion of atomic weapons and their sources from world diplomacy would be a blessing. An old-fashioned war of massed bombers, rockets, flame-throwers and submarines between two well-balanced groups of armed forces over ten to fifteen years is the most frightful prospect of all. It is a possibility.

The majority of the peoples of the world have shown themselves willing to participate in long, disastrous wars...often without a cause to believe in. We do not yet know whether they will accept atomic warfare. The only people who have had to make the decision, the Japanese, chose surrender.

If the fear of immediate personal immolation or mutilation tends to make diplomats diplomatic, we may hesitate to remove that fear.

It is not necessary to reduce our power. It is enough to make sure that our power is not exercised by irresponsible people.

90, Westbourne Terrace, W.2. G.S. SEABORN JONES

Sir, - It seems that in my letter to the N.S. & N. of September 16th I expressed my meaning with a certain woolliness, which Mr. Stafford Clark rightly notes.

My argument is that in the case he postulates: Russia invading Western Europe and the U.S.A. retaliating with atomic weapons, our country should withdraw from the conflict - and make the best of an unpleasant situation.

As to going a step further and joining Russia against America, it would be an unnecessary folly designed to bring about inevitably what we should seek to avoid: the 'atomic' destruction of England and of Western Europe.

31, Cliveden Place, S.W.1. POPSKI

Sir,- I share Col. Peniakoff's disquiet.

What can we do? We can write to our M.P. and inform local U.N. organisations of our views on the use of atomic weapons, but I doubt whether these actions will produce effective or quick results. Clearly, if we are to influence public opinion and Governmental action, we need to be organised.

It is reasonable to suppose that many more thousands of people in this country would have signed the Peace Petition, but for its (rightly or wrongly) alleged Soviet inspiration.

Might not a new declaration, backed by the proven courage and loyalty of such men as Col. Peniakoff, meet with a better response?

I suggest such a declaration should state quite simply the moral and practical issues involved, pointing out that the real enemy haunting all our dreams - whether we are Russian, American, or British - is fear, and that both wisdom and common humanity demand the total rejection of atomic weapons as a positive first step towards an eventual settlement between East and West.

Is Col. Peniakoff willing to 'start something'? If he is, at least one ex-officer of the recent war will gladly serve under his command!

Oakshaw, Station Ave., Walton/Thames. L.A. JACKSON

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

PAINTINGS FROM WOBURN ABBEY

The Arts Council has brought to Burlington House a much enlarged version of their touring exhibition of pictures from Woburn Abbey lent by the Duke of Bedford - a hundred pictures from a collection which has preserved its identity since its beginnings in the sixteenth century. There are indeed few surprises, the painters being those which the taste or the requirements of the times would have suggested, but these are often represented by works of a very high quality and in this short notice Hals, Rembrandt, Canaletto, Wilson and Bonington are among those whose names can only be mentioned. Naturally there is a succession of family portraits, but there are also a number of portraits of artists among which are some of the best works in the exhibition, and one of the most unexpected. This is a self-portrait of the seventeenth century decorative painter, Giovanni Lanfranco, the face of a most powerful naturalism, and apparently truthful, and his white collar a piece of painting to be carried away in one's memory. Among these artist portraits is the best of the Vandycks, a double portrait which has been called "Daniel Mytens and his Wife". The heads, the hands, the presence of the two sitters, have marvellous reality, but the parts are better than the whole. The balance of masses and directions, the lilting rhythms of the design which seems to unite the sitters psychologically, have not been finally composed, and the eye is left in a state of uncomfortable suspense.

In the eighteenth century Reynolds was most often employed for the family portraits, and the paintings by him make a good anthology of his different manners and ambitions - from the brisk informality of the sketch for a self-portrait to one of those complicated history portraits, in which the sitter fought for life amongst an accumulation of drapery and classical allegory. This picture of "Elizabeth, Marchioness of Tavistock, Decorating a statue of Hymen with Flowers", is one of the most complicated of these, possessing as it does, not a commanding motive as the figure reaches across the canvas, but a host of minor movements which play around this axis with a rich untidiness. It is an unconvincing piece of pictorial scholarship. If it can be shown that the pattern of such full-lengths as that of 'Peter, first Earl of Ludlow' had been previously employed by Titian, van Dyck and Velasquez, it is to van Dyck above all that its values - its human, not its tone values, - can be compared, and particularly to the kind of courtly van Dycks which hang near it. There is that concentration upon the head, that absence of a complete and individual physical presence which always beats upon the sight in full-lengths by the other masters. That Reynolds was capable of this is proved by his portraits of Keppel and less powerfully by the "Francis, Marquess of Tavistock".

The masterpiece among the landscapes is unquestionably the Claude and what first impresses one is the effortless subtlety of the transition from plane to plane as the landscape retreats to the evening horizon; though that is only the first thing to notice about this marvellous picture. One of the two Gainsborough landscapes is of particular interest, that with a woodcutter wooing a milkmaid which dates from about 1755. It is a curious compound. The sentiment of the woodcutter and the girl is that of his later fancy pictures, but stylistically, they come as might be expected from the pastoral background of the 'Mr. and Mrs. Andrews'. The most intensely realised object in the composition is not however this group, but the hollow wreck of an oak tree, whose roughness transcends the Dutch naturalism to which Gainsborough was then drawn. With a very shaggy cow it predicts that taste for the picturesque which was to rule after his death.

BASIL TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

The best film I have seen this week was not given a West End showing and is to be found on the Granada circuit and at various independent cinemas. This is John Ford's Wagonmaster, a vast, leisurely and heroic account of a Mormon trek to the West eighty years ago. The senior elders encounter two young horse-dealers on the eve of the journey and persuade them to accompany the trek as wagon-masters; on their way to the promised land the emigrants take up with an abandoned show troupe and are forced to give sanctuary to a group of bandits on the run from a sheriff's posse. Rich with adventure, splendid landscapes and warmly affectionate characterisation, Wagonmaster has the invigorating sweep, poetry and old-fashioned humour that only Ford can give to a film.

* * *

The tragic death of Humphrey Jennings at the age of 43 while filming on the Greek Island of Poros deprives the British cinema of one of its most adventurous spirits, British documentary of its most gifted artist, and his friends of an unusually intelligent inquiring personality.

The son of an architect, Jennings took a degree in English at Cambridge, and became a painter in the surrealist movement. He entered films in 1934, joining the G.P.O. Unit at its liveliest period of experiment. Of his fourteen films the best, I think, is Fires were Started (1943), perhaps the only poetic wartime film to have been produced in this country: it recreated the life of an N.F.S. sub-station during the 1940 air raids, recruiting its players from firemen and their families, and the intimate realism and sympathy of its everyday scenes as well as the finely dramatic fire-fighting descriptions achieve a rare completeness of experience. Listen to Britain (1942) was a vivid evocation of the mood of wartime London through the city's network of sounds; A Defeated People (1946) conveyed in the space of twenty minutes a series of incisive, compassionate observations of post-war Germany; and A Diary for Timothy (1947), with a commentary by E.M. Forster, was a slight, wayward and charming impression of the last six months of the war in relation to a baby.

In the last decade the vitality of British documentary has been curbed by indecision or sponsored correctness. Some of Jennings's work reflected this indecision; he was an individual stylist working against an increasingly collective style in documentary. His films are, really, impressionistic - sharp, exploratory, sometimes complex in thought - and when this style misses its balance, when the impressions fail to clarify, the result can be tentative or confused. But his best films bear witness to a remarkable talent.

GAVIN LAMBERT

THE SCALA'S LAST CONCERT, AT THE ALBERT HALL

Ghedini's Concerto dell' Albatro proved a very tame little mouse. Its opening is repetitive, undistinguished atmosphere, leading into stern contrapuntal Arbeit after which the narrator enters. Without the words (and most composers remove them from their tone-poems) the piece would be slight enough; with Leslie French mouthing them soulfully while Cantelli furiously conducts a thin ensemble it makes a slightly silly impression. 'Wondrous flutterings and throbbings shook it', and the violin trembles sympathetically; 'it uttered cries, as some king's ghost in supernatural distress', and the trombones cry harshly. At the same concert Cantelli conducted the Monteverdi first Magnificat, tough beautiful music sung passionately without the purity or "refinement" of an English cathedral. The night before de Sabata's third Verdi Requiem, the first in the Albert Hall, revealed to London the full splendour of the Scala chorus, whose blazing tone, away now from Covent Garden's sheltering wings, made that of our own crack choirs look rather small.

A.P.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN. Han.1525. Marx Brothers Festival. Now "Duck Soup" (U). From October 23: "Horse Feathers" (U).

ARTS (Tem.3334). Last 2 days at 5 & 8, "The Mask & The Face". Tues. next 7.0. "Queen Elizabeth". Members.

WATERGATE, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. Tel: TRA.6261. "Desire Caught by the Tail", by Pablo Picasso. Oct. 10-22, 7.30 and 10.30 p.m. ex. Mondays; Sundays 7 p.m. Members.

MERCURY. Park 5700. Evenings 7.30. Mat. Sat. 3.0. - Mime Play, "L'Enfant Prodigue".

UNITY. "Winkles and Champagne". Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Last Weeks. Associate membership, 2s. 6d. EUS.5391.

SCENES from "Family Reunion" by T.S. Eliot, presented by the Tavistock Repertory Company and "The Work of T.S. Eliot", a discussion between Robert Speaight, E. Martin Browne and Lionel Hale at St. Pancras Town Hall (opposite St. Pancras Station) on Friday, October 13 at 7.30. Admission free by Ticket from Town Hall or Public Libraries in St. Pancras.

ITALIAN Plays Festival. Outstanding Eng. Co. Rudolf Steiner Theatre Oct. 22. "To Live in Peace". Enquiries & booking: GLA.2892.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv.4244. Sunday, Oct. 8, 7.30. "In the Name of the Law". (A).

SOVIET Colour film "Song of Siberia", Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1., Tuesday, Oct. 10 (7.30). Tickets from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer Street, E.C.1. 1s.6d., 3s. and 4s.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's Concerts: Tues. at 7: Freda Swain, Frederick Thurston, Richard Wood, Macgibbon Quartet. Swain Clarinet Rhapsody & Songs (1st performance), Beethoven Quartet. Wed. at 8: Carol Mary Spero (piano), William Higgs (tenor). 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Cheveaux.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society. Oct. 8, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Flora Nielsen, Hubert Greenslade, Mercedes Olivera. Faure Cycle, "La Bonne Chanson"; Schubert Lieder. Brahms Vars and Fugue Theme, Handel; Bach, de Falla and Granados Piano Solos. Adm. 1s.

LONDON Symphony Orchestra Ltd. present Eileen Joyce. London Symphony Orchestra. Muir Mathieson. This Sunday at 3. R.A.M. Prog. includes Piano Concerto No. 2 in C. min., Rachmaninoff. Symphonic Variations (Piano & Orch.) Franck. 2s., 3s.6d., 5s., 7s.6d. KEN.6212.

BATH Bach Festival, October 14-21. 14 Concerts. Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath. (2½d. stamp).

SPECIAL Joint Dance organised by the Central London Fabian Society in conjunction with the Fabian Society and L.R.C., Sat. Oct.7, 7.30 -11.30 p.m. at St. Martin's School of Art, Charing Cross Road. Adm. by ticket 4s. Members and friends only.

EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: Anyone wishing to join should apply to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Annual subscriptions from 1 guinea.

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints are on show daily (9.30 - 6.0 and Sat. mornings) at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Illustrated catalogue on request.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Jankel Adler, 1895-1949. Drawings, Water Colours and Gouaches.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., London, W.1. Recent Paintings by Francis Bacon. French Exhibition Posters. Paintings by Hilly. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by D. Khayatt; recent paintings by Oscar Dalvit and Watercolours by Paul Nash. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes October 21.

ROYAL Academy: Paintings from Woburn Abbey. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

AN Experiment on Embroidery Design. An Arts Council Exhibition. Holborn Town Hall, 197 High Holborn. Open daily, except Sundays, until October 7. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission free.

SIR Gerald Kelly, P.R.A. Exhibition of Pictures. Margaret Thomas, Recent Paintings, and Drawings of Paris by Ronald Searle. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

THOMAS Rowlandson: Arts Council Exhibition. Watercolours and drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street. Open till November 4. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6. Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

JOHN Olday, Exhibition of Drawings. 28A Tavistock Road (Westbourne Park Station), 2-6 p.m., until October 31.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Square. Paintings & Engravings by Mary Croom and Joan White. Daily 11-6, until October 16.

THE Scala Exhibition at the Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1) prolonged until October 15 inclusive. Weekdays 11-8; Sundays 2-7. Entrance free (for non-members 1s.6d.).

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Basil Rákósi, Kenneth Hall, Patrick Scott. Till October 28. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m., except Sundays.

ROLAND Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Clifford Hall and Theatre Designs and Drawings by Leslie Hurry.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Landscape by Contemporary French Painters. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings and Drawings by Ben Nicholson. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ICASSC Exhibition organised by the Institute of Contemporary Arts at the Watergate Theatre, 29 Buckingham Street, Strand. Opens October 9. Members and guests.

PAUL Alexander Gallery, 190 Kensington Church Street, W.8. Pottery by Dora Lunn, Oct. 4-28.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

NATIONAL Secular Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, London, W.C.1. Thurs. October 12, 1950. Prof. H. Levy, M.A., D.Sc.: "The Ethics of War". Doors open 6.30, Commence 7 p.m. Admission free. Questions and discussion invited.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Monday, October 9, 7.30 p.m. N. T. U. Club, 12 Great Newport St., W.C.2. "1950 Labour Party Conference": George Jeger, M.P. Adm. 1s.6d.

LEAGUE of Coloured Peoples. Fenner Brockway, M.P. speaks at Friends' House, Euston Rd., Oct. 13, 7.30 p.m. Subj.: "Thirty Days in East Africa". All invited. Admission free.

FOOD and Farming - "Any Questions?" Answered by the team Ralph Wightman, Robert Henriques, Dr. G.E. Breen (Ed., "Medical Press"), Newman Turner (Ed., "The Farmer"). Question-master: Freddy Grisewood. Kingsway Hall, W.C.2. Oct. 25 at 7.45 p.m. Tickets 5s. (reserved), 3s.6d. and 2s.6d., from Whole Food Society, Goosegreen Farm, Bridgwater. Questions will be put from the audience and answered spontaneously, but please send them beforehand to Bridgwater.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun. Oct. 8 at 7.45. Note new address: 783 Finchley Rd., Golders Green (Regal Cinema Bus-stop, 2,28; 645, 660). H.L. Beales, M.A. "Liberty & Discipline in the Modern World".

YOUR Public Library - What It Is and What It Does - I." A lecture will be given by members of the staff of the St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Thursday, Oct. 12 at 8 p.m. Admission free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Oct. 7; at 6 p.m. Monsieur Varin: "Pasteur".

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m. 9th, "Spiritual Communism" - Swami Avyaktananda. 16th, Youth House Entertains. 23rd, "I Was There" No. 2: Yugoslavia. 30th, "Psychological Tests" - W.D. Furneaux, B.Sc.

RUDOLF Steiner & Problems of the Human Soul." Lect.by H. Poppelbaum, Ph.D. Munich, at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Fri. Oct. 13 at 7 p.m.

YOGA and Practical Mysticism Lectures Friday, Oct. 6, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. at 1, 3, 5.15, 6.30; at 8 p.m. H.P. Shastri on "The Technique of Meditation", with Prof. H.N. Price in the chair. (Adm. free).

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings at 7 p.m. Oct. 10: Marjorie Bowen, "What Do You Expect of a Novel?". Admission free. Collection.

THE Nature of Human Nature." M.L. Burnet, at 11 a.m. Oct. 8, The Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, London, W.2.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube), every Thursday at 7.30 p.m., on Vedanta, Yoga, Psychology, etc. All welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Oct.8: Maurice Burton, D.Sc.: "Biology and Social Behaviour".

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. October 8: "Man's Destiny".

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public lecture, Wed. October 11, 6.30. "Europeans in the Sangha". Miss I.B. Horner.

LECTURE COURSES & SPECIALISED TRAINING

FABIAN Society Autumn Lectures:- "Whither Socialism? - Values in a changing Civilisation." Livingstone Hall, Broadway, London, S.W.1., at 7.15 p.m. Oct.13, Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P.: "Democratic Values." Oct.20, Austen Albu, M.P.: "Socialism and the Study of Man." Oct.27, Rev. John Groser: "Does Socialism need Religion?" Nov.3, Dr. J. Bronowski: "Lessons of Science." Nov.10, Dylan Thomas: "The Artist's Approach." Nov.17: R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.: "Socialist Values in a changing Civilisation." Tickets 2s. 6d., 4s., Whole Series 10s., 15s. Apply: The Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.1.

CONDITIONS of Happiness", Week-end Conference from Friday 27th to Sunday 29th October, at Pasture Wood House, near Dorking, held jointly by the Personalist Group and the Progressive League. Programme:- Gordon Rattray Taylor: "Personal and Social Happiness", Dr. Clifford Scott: "Conditions of Happiness; Instincts", Alex A. Bloom: "Education as the Key to Happiness", Professor G.E.C. Catlin: "Religion and Happiness". Programme on application. Fees: Members £2. 7s. 6d., Non-members, £2. 12s. 6d. Single rooms 7s. 6d. extra. Apply with full fee to A.C. Rankin, 43 West Park, S.E.9.

THE Message of the Old Testament for Our Time" - Three Lectures by Professor Theodore H. Robinson, Litt. D. (Cantab.), D.D. (London), Hon. D.D. (Aberdeen), Hon. D.Th. (Halle), Sundays at 3.30 p.m.: October 8, "The Political Message of the Old Testament"; October 22, "The Ethical Message"; November 5, "The Religious Message". Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8. (opposite Lord's Cricket Ground). All will be welcome.

RUDOLF Steiner's Work for Social Reconstruction. Five lectures will be given at 106 Great Russell St., W.C.1., on following Tuesdays at 7.15 p.m.: True Prices, Oct. 10; A Sound Money System, Oct. 17; The Source of Social Harmony, Oct. 24; The Foundation of Creative Genius, Oct. 31; Synthesis of a Threefold Social Order, Nov. 7.

SECRETARIAL Training. Part time day courses. Evening classes in Gregg shorthand and Typewriting. Mrs. Frances King, F.R.G.A., M.F.T. Com., 115 Gloucester Place, W.1. Welbeck 5855.

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1. and Park Lane, W.1. provides training for High Grade Secretarial Posts, and owing to further extension has few vacancies left for 1950/51, for which early application is essential.

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